

court house in open day, which profoundly impressed me with the ethical culture and humanitarian sentiments of that community, but of course the whole state mustn't be judged by the few incidents of that kind. In the south it is different. If a negro ravisher is lynched, the whole section is rotten to the core, and horribly uncivilized. These outrageous violations of law are more frequent in the south and perhaps more condoned, because a heterogeneous population furnishes all the conditions tending to such disorders, as against a homogeneous population, such as that in the north. They are sincerely mourned and denounced by the best elements of the southern population, and we look forward to the day when they will practically cease; yet for a certain nameless crime that day may be distant. It will appear when the crime disappears, but in the meantime human nature on the one side of the controversy may be as outrageously outrageous as it is on the other.

As for the rest, the South has fully recovered from the devastation caused by the war, our lands are not waste, our country is no longer ruined, our pride is not inaccessible to northern preachers, of the sensible sort, neither are our people "clinging with tenacity made doubly tenacious by a sense of martyrdom for a cause to the old ideals born of feudalism and hell." Dear me, no. Quite the contrary. Our "Johnny Rebs" are shouting for "Old Glory" so loud that the ghost of the "lost cause" has been frightened off. We are up with the procession, possibly a little ahead and some of these days, if Brother Gillin doesn't watch out we'll send a missionary up there to civilize him.

Home Circle

The Evening Song

Christian.

There are few seasons fraught with more tender recollections than those evening hours which were spent in sacred song in the quiet of our childhood's home. The mother who, gathering her children around her, unites with them to lift up heart and voice in praise to the Most High, is not only offering acceptable sacrifice to God, but is teaching her loved ones a lesson which time may never efface.

We well know that our Saviour is pleased to listen to the children's songs. Their hosanna in the temple were far more grateful to him than the captious disputations of the scribes and pharisees, the subtleties of lawyers, or the intrigues of politicians. It was out of the mouth of babes and sucklings that the Lord perfected praise, and he still loves to hear the children raise their songs of joy and gladness at the evening hour.

Happy is the mother who can thus lead and influence her loved ones, in sounding forth the praises of the heavenly King.

When her fair face may have become worn and wan, when her bright eyes may have become dim and faded, when her feet may be wandering wearily toward her journey's end, those children, grown to manhood and womanhood, scattered far and wide, will think at eventide of "the songs that mother sung," and lift up their hearts and voices to praise the Lord anew for the counsels she gave and the example she set in the years so long gone by.

Mothers should sing themselves, and teach their children to sing. They cannot begin too early. Children can learn not only hymns, but tunes much more easily than grown people. While there are very few grown persons who can upon the instant, without assistance, give the correct pitch of any note which may be named, children in school can learn to do even this. And if our children are trained to sing, they will never forget the lesson. Both hymns and tunes become embedded in mind and memory, and years after will come back and flash upon the mind like light breaking from the clouds. Thus in a Chinese gambling den, a young man heard the words,

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er
That I am nearer home to-day
Than ever I was before."

The words recalled the days of childhood's innocence, and then and there he turned from the dangerous path in which his feet were treading, and determined to live a new and better life.

A hardened sailor lay in his berth, sick, and nigh to death. No words of entreaty or instruction seemed to interest him or reach his heart, until the man of God repeated to him the words of the twenty-third Psalm from the Scotch version. It was a Psalm his mother taught him, and immediately his attention was gained, and his heart was won to hear the words of grace and mercy and salvation.

A touching story is told of a little girl captured by the Indians, and brought up away from home and friends. She had changed beyond recognition. She had forgotten her name and that of her parents; and when at last, peace was proclaimed, and the captives were brought back by the Indians and restored to civilization, and the people who had lost relatives went out to meet them and identify them, no one was able to recognize this girl. She knew no one; no one knew her.

An anxious mother sought in vain for some token by which she might identify her child. At length she stepped back a little and began to sing a hymn which she had taught her little one in her early infancy. She had only sung a few words when the liberated captive recognized the old familiar strain, and eagerly rushed into her mother's arms. The dead was alive, the lost was found. Shall there not be some heavenly recognitions even more joyous than was this, when amid the strange brightness of celestial forms, we recognize among the melodious voices of the

redeemed some tone that strikes a secret chord within our hearts, and recalls to us our mother's song at eventide, and aids us in the recognitions of that blessed world?

Mothers, a little while and the children will be out of your reach. Shall they go out like ravens and hawks to croak, and tear, and rend, and destroy, or shall they go out like birds of Paradise, singing the sweet songs which they have learned from a mother's lips? This depends on you. If you gather them at eventide and join with them in singing songs of praise, you may be sure they will not forget the lessons you have taught them, but will carry them with them wherever they go. Can you give them anything which will be more precious than sweet old sacred hymns and songs, which were sounded in your ears and planted in your heart by the accents of a mother's tender voice; a voice that now is hushed, and shall be heard no more until it shall join in the celestial harmonies within the Paradise of God? When that now silent tongue shall sound again the praises of the Lamb once slain, will you not be there, with the children whom God has given you, to join the chorus and unite in the eternal song with those who have gone before?

Have Faith in Man

Exchange.

It is far better to be imposed upon now and then, says a writer in *The Congregationalist*, and to suffer some real material loss, than to become sour and overcritical, to have one's whole life rendered miserable by the conviction that confidence cannot be given, that promises will not be kept, that honor is a delusion. He who thinks no evil of others will find his trust abundantly justified in most instances. Men are not wholly given over to evil. Deception and trickery do not rule the world and never will.

Let it not be forgotten that to think no evil often is the surest way to stimulate an evil minded person to do what is honorable and right. A college student, notorious among his fellows for recklessness—and soon, and properly, dismissed from the institution—once made a wager that he would obtain an indulgence from one of the college officials, justifying his request by a lie. He went to prefer his request, but utterly broke down, and said something wholly different from what he had intended to say. He declared afterwards: "I couldn't lie to that man. His look showed that he trusted me so entirely that I couldn't and wouldn't deceive him." This incident illustrates a great truth.—*Ex.*

How Much We Talk

Few of us probably ever think seriously about the amount of talking we do in a day, and how large a factor mere talk is in the life of the world for both good and evil. It has been estimated that a public speaker utters in one hour, on an average, what if printed, would occupy fifteen octavo pages. Ordinary conversation is even more prolific. Let us suppose, says *The Winonian*, that al